Li. Now pritty one, how long haue you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to name it.

Li. How long haue you bene of this profession?

Mar. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you go too't so young, were you a gamester at five or at seauen?

Mar. Earlier too sir, if now I be one.

Li. Why the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Doe you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I heare say you are of honourable parts, and the Gouernor of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Li. Why your bearbe woman, she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O you haue heard some-thing of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see, thee, or else looke frindly vpon thee; come bring me to some prinate place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put vpon you, make the iugement good, that thonght you worthy of it

Li How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle Fortune haue plac'd mee in this Stie, where since I came, diseases haue bene solde deerer then Phyficke, O that the gods would set me free from this vnhallowd place, though they did change me to the meanest bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well, I neere dreampt thou couldst; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy speech had altered it, hold, heere's gold for thee, perseuer in that cleare way thon goest, and the gods strengthen thee

Mar.

Mar. The good Gods perserue you.

Li. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the verie doores and windowes sauour vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath bin Noble, hold, heere's more gold for thee, a curse vpon him, dye hee a theefe, that robs thee of thy goodnesse, if thou dost heare m me, it shall be for thy good.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one peece for me.

Li. Auant thou damned dore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doth prop it, would sinke and ouer-whelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we must take another course with you? if your peeuish chastity, which is not worth a breake-fast in the cheapest Country vnder the coape, shall vndoe a whole household, let me be geldeid leke a spaniell, come your waies

Mar. Whither would you haue me?

Boult. I must haue your mayden-head taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it, come your way, wee'l haue no more gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I say.

Enter Bands

Band. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse Mistris, she hath heere spokn holy words to the Lord *Lysimachus*.

Band. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profession as it were to stinke before the face of the Gods.

Band Marry hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Nobleman would haue dealt with her like a Nobleman, and she sent him away as colde as a *Snow*-ball, saying his prayers too.

Band. Boult take her away, vse her at thy pleasure, cracke the glasse of her virginity, & make the rest male-abse,

Boult. And if she were a thornier peece of ground then shee is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you Gods.

Band. She coniures, away with her, would she had neuer come within